

The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

The man who wears the corset vest must not be offended if real men call him sister.

Russia may not like the looks of the husky persons that are putting Japan on the back.

What is the use of a vacation that only means harder work afterward to catch up with your work?

Look out for the pneumonia germ, which is hiding around the corner ready to pounce upon you.

The Chicago cow who had sixteen ounces of pins concealed about her person was plainly a perfect lady.

Probably it would be rude to fa-quire how much Alfred Austin has to pay to get those things of his printed.

Hall Cline has nervous prostration. Now perhaps he knows how most of the people who have seen his plays suffered.

Gen. Uribe-Erbe threatens to march against us, but we shall probably be able to make a stand against both of him.

College songs, it seems, are not as popular as college football. The Yale glee club lost \$2,400 on its Christmas trip out west.

A bear is running at large in New Jersey. The citizens are in hot pursuit of the animal and if caught it will be incorporated.

David Kapchokohokewoonah has been appointed a postmaster in Hawaii. Let us hope that Dave's administration will be O. K.

So many automobiles seem to be determined to soar among the stars that some of them might, perhaps, be usefully converted into airships.

A West Virginia marksman has been fined \$25 for killing his rival in love. While seems a reasonably cheap price when you come to think of it.

A farmer's wife at Driffield has given seventeen shillings to the church missionary society. "Proceeds of eggs laid on Sundays."—London Daily Mail.

A Chicago woman's club has in some mysterious way discovered that modern poetry is all down at the heel. Poets are, of course, seldom well-heeled.

When a woman gets so she doesn't care about the size of her feet she turns her attention entirely to her soul, you can set it down that old age is creeping on.

A New York man committed suicide rather than undergo an operation for appendicitis. He must have been afraid the doctors could do something worse than kill him.

What war costs nowadays is shown by a Tokio dispatch which says that the Japanese government has ordered \$300,000,000—"enough to sustain a short, sharp contest."

Thirty thousand orders for automobiles have been placed with American manufacturers this year. The horseless age may not be in sight, but the good roads age is.

Mr. Howells thinks that authors ought to form a union. When they do, every member will doubtless have to pledge himself not to work more than twenty-four hours a day.

The New York judge who has refused to declare that a marriage is illegal because it is loveless will, of course, be condemned, regardless of contempt of court, by all romantic people.

There is a young man in Pennsylvania who has attended Sunday school 1,300 times without missing a Sunday. He ought to be eligible for a good job in the Standard Oil office.

President Harper, who says that "the bright student is almost always lazy," probably feels that he could point out a number of students who are cultivating a reputation for brightness.

Louisville, Ky., claims first rank among the cities of the world as a tobacco manufacturing center. Peoria concedes this, but insists that tobacco is only one of the necessities of life.

A Frenchman on Long Island has discovered an "infallible opposite" to the mosquito, which he promises, will exterminate that pest. "My mosquito-eater will eat the mosquitoes, which will it do next?"

Now it is announced that the Spanish sailors, and not Dewey, sunk Spain's ships at Manila. Presumably the Spaniards saw that one of the fleets must be sunk and with true Castilian courtesy decided that it should not be that of the visitors.

The irreverent Fall River Globe remarks: "The recent edict of the Boston city government that Faneuil hall in that city cannot be used again for a hen show, will probably oblige the members of the Women's A. P. A. school committee to find new quarters next election."

Young Mr. Rockefeller fears that a college education tends to make a young man dissatisfied with his sphere in life. However, a young man that doesn't feel 126, may be not likely to do much climbing.

There is one Dewey story that the senator does not tell himself. Talking with his wife one day he patted her on the cheek and smiled: "My dear, if you ever had the chance to marry a second time, would you marry a brainy man?" She thought a moment. "I might," she smiled back at him. "Just for the experience."

Chicago health records show that where a man could expect to die at 60 years in 1872 he now may hope to live until he is 126. But who wants to live 126 long years in Chicago?

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1898 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"He is my father, and they will not let me in there, yet he can see me."

The nurse laid her hand caressing on the girl's arm.

"Of course," she said, in a matter of fact tone. "Remember, Dolores, it's years since he has seen your father."

"And do you know, as soon as he better we are going to take him over to the town so you can nurse him to your heart's content? There are pretty houses in the town, and our uncle intends buying one and building it for you. There's a fine blacksmith's shop with a good business for your father, and he is to have a homekeeper and everything comfortable while you are in New York with us."

"Your uncle will be ready in a moment, and he does not like to wait; you needn't change your dress, and an wear my wrap and bonnet. Dora will fix everything when you get there. Here is her note; you have not yet read it. Shall I read it for you while you get ready?"

She stooped and picked up the note where it had fallen, looking continually, giving the girl no time to reply had she so wished.

"Dora writes such a pretty hand; they say those who draw well write well, and Dora makes charming sketches. Here is your note; it reads like her, only one misses her pretty voice."

Mrs. Allen spoke rapidly, but with no sign of impatience or interest, she stood erect and silent, her eyes resting calmly on Mrs. Allen's face.

The bedroom door opened, and her uncle came out, accompanied by young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie. He noticed the wraps made ready, and spoke cheerily.

"Well, my dear, are you ready? My girl will be waiting for us—eh, Green? And if you are ready we will go at once."

Mrs. Allen advanced and began putting the wraps around the girl, but Dolores stepped back to avoid her, giving her a slow glance as of reproach, then she turned away from the others toward the physician who was talking earnestly to young Green at the farther window.

There was no trace of agitation in the young girl's face or manner as she crossed the room to the two at the small south window.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she said, gravely. Her eyes were searching his for the truth; she never glanced at his companion.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she continued, slowly and distinctly, "you can tell me if you will. There is no reason why I should not know the truth; right to know? Do you think this is fair or just? All the other women of the settlement care for the men when there is need, there is no reason why I should not do the same if there is need, and there must be, else why are these strangers here, and why is he kept so quiet? I do not understand it, and I cannot unless you will tell me. And here is my uncle here waiting to take me away from my father, to leave him to the taken care of by strangers, to be taken care of by a stranger who wishes us well, but he is a stranger to me. Dora does not know," she lingered over the name—"how could she know, or I am sure she would not wish to go; she would not wish to go; she would not do it herself—you know she would not do it herself. Do you think I do not know something all my father more than you have said?"

The bedroom door opened noiselessly, and Dr. Grey came out. As he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him, Dr. Dunwiddie motioned for him to return, but he shook his head emphatically.

"He's like a log, Hal; the trump of the archangel alone could arouse him."

"You can tell me if you will."

"I've stuck in my head and night like an obedient puppet; now I want a change; what's all this going on out here? What are you people?"

Dr. Dunwiddie frowned, and his voice was almost sharp as he answered:

"There is nothing going on here to interest you, Tom, and Mr. Johnson is impressing upon me that you were braver than other women, but I would not be convinced. I know now that you are brave—brave enough for this—and worse."

She understood. The truth was upon her in all the blackness of darkness. There had been little love between her and her father, but he was the only one in the world to her, and now—

"Then—he will—die—you think?"

She asked it calmly, except that her lips were whiter than usual and stiff, so that the words came unevenly.

"I think that he may die, Miss Johnson, but we will hope for the best."

"You will let me nurse him?" she asked. Her face was lifted to his, and there was not a quiver of a muscle nor the trembling of the white lids fringed with the silken lashes over steady, searching eyes.

"You shall nurse him," Dr. Dunwiddie

her face was whitening, and her eyes dilating; her voice sounded strange even to herself as she laid her hand on the doctor's arm as he was passing her.

"You will not go until you have answered me, Dr. Dunwiddie?"

It was more a command than a query; her eyes were full on him, and he moved instinctively.

Her uncle spoke impatiently; like all men, he disliked scenes; this girl seemed capable of getting one up at almost any moment.

"My dear Dolores," he said, "Dora is waiting for us. Why do you bother the doctors?" They knew much better than we do what is best to be done. Come, take a good girl, let us go; we are only hindering the others."

"Why should I hinder them?" she asked, gravely. "They are strangers here; he is my father."

"Yes, of course," he said, brusquely. "Of course, Dolores. We all know that, but they know much better than we do what is best to be done. Dora is waiting for you—she is better in every way for you to go."

She stood erect and slender among them, her print gown falling around her to her feet, her face catching the shadows of the storm upon it.

"I do not know the voice was almost solemn in its grave earnestness. 'That I will not leave him—ever—while he lives—not for any one.'"

None of them spoke for a moment; not one of them was capable of de-

ceiving her as she stood so grave and quiet waiting his reply. That she had a right to know, a better right than they, could not be denied. She had spoken the truth; she was a woman capable of enduring much of suffering; she was not a child to be put off with evasive replies.

Dr. Grey stood at the bedroom door; he had not moved since the girl spoke; she impressed him as she impressed the others. Young Green, who had been a representative of the Advance how it was done, having just witnessed a catch. Mr. Snake coiled his tail over the zopher hole, seeing a snare for him. When the gopher had crawled out of the hole and he saw the snake's tail to be drawn about the body of the gopher, the coil was fastened about Mr. Gopher as quick as a flash.

It was gradually drawn tighter and tighter until the gopher fell over dead, the life having been completely squeezed out of him. After the gopher is dead the snake swallows him whole, and it is not an unusual thing to find one of these snakes with a number of gophers in its stomach. The gopher is a great fighter, and if he was not caught in a snare as the one mentioned, he would doubtless make a hard fight for life, even with a snake.—Tulare Advance.

NO CAKE FOR HER.

Youngster Thought He Had a Grievance Against His Mother.

The late Mrs. James G. Blaine used to relate charmingly the unconscious witwittiness of her son and daughters' childhood. She once said:

"When James, his father's namesake, was a little chap, he discussed for a long time one day the subject of wedding cakes. He made me tell him all about wedding cakes. He said they are made, how they are cut, and how pieces of them are sent to the friends of brides and grooms. This last custom he was especially pleased with. He thought a piece of wedding cake made a delightful gift."

"Then he pondered for a moment. He frowned. He said:

"But, mamma, I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why not, my dear?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "you didn't send me any of yours."

Not Much Use for a Trunk.

Gen. Joseph W. Condon, the president-elect of the American Silk Association, was traveling some time ago in Georgia. He says that in a little Georgia town he one day heard two colored ladies conversing.

"See gwine Noth," said the first.

"Das so?" said the second.

"Yep. I see got a trunk to take wir me, too."

"A trunk? What am a trunk for?"

"W'y to tote yuh clo's in?"

"An' go naked?"

Owl Was Very Much Alive.

Here is a story of a pet owl, told by its owner: "I remember once when a doctor was called in to attend to some trifling ailment he was somewhat impressed upon me that you were braver than other women, but I would not be convinced. I know now that you are brave—brave enough for this—and worse."

She understood. The truth was upon her in all the blackness of darkness. There had been little love between her and her father, but he was the only one in the world to her, and now—

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Horror of Harwick Mine

Told by Sole Survivor

Half Unconscious He Groined Where Instinct Drew Him to Safety.

How Selwyn M. Taylor Died in the Deadly Gas of the After-damp.

Only one man escaped alive from the Harwick, Pa., mine explosion, by which 120 lives were lost. He has had an enormous appetite for potted cake and beer since his resurrection. Adolph Gonia, nearing his 25th year, is the lucky fellow. He does not realize the full sense of his fortune, at least he did not betray any exultation or any moment of triumph at the fact that his body was not rent asunder as were his companions in the Harwick mine. Gonia has not seen daylight yet. Since being brought up from the mine his eyes have been bandaged. He has frequently passed out to be permitted to see, but the doctors do not know that he ever will regain his sight.

Gonia can talk freely and eat heartily. When seen by a correspondent he was lying on a bed in a boarding house not far from the Harwick mine, where he had been brought from the little schoolhouse, later turned into a morgue. While at the schoolhouse he lay on a pile of straw in the corner, watched over by women from the village and the schoolteacher, Miss Florence Miller. He speaks English and has been a subject of the emperor of Austria.

Speaking of his experience in the mine, he said:

"I was working with my father and my brother in the farthest entry. It could not have been long after 8 o'clock in the morning when I saw a flash of light and heard a terrible noise. That was the explosion. I thought I was struck by something, but, anyway, I fell to the floor of the room. After the explosion everything got quiet, except that I could hear pieces of coal and slate dropping, and there was a terrible odor. I don't remember how long I lay on the floor."

"When I came to my senses I knew that I must get out of the mine. I knew the way to the shaft, as we were working in the last entry and our room was the end of the main gangway, about half a mile from the shaft. I started to crawl on my hands and knees. I could feel the shovels, picks and bars I crawled over, and kept my hands on the main rails so as to guide me, so I would not get into any of the side entries. I remembered one place where I had to crawl over a big pile of coal before reaching the shaft. I could scarcely squeeze through, but I wriggled my way out. That almost finished me, as I could scarcely breathe when I got over that pile."

"Every once in a while my hands and feet would slip on something. I knew I was heading for death, because I could feel the clothing and flesh. Do you know, I never thought of that until now. Once, while crawling out, I thought of my father and

my brother. That was just when I started to crawl out of the room. I got a notion they had gotten out somehow. I yelled several times, but it made me sick; then I closed my mouth and kept my nose down to the rails, sometimes in those dark places I knew my nose often rubbed the ground. I didn't feel a bit hurt. I didn't know I was burned. I felt awful tired, especially after I got over that hump."

"I suppose I crawled half a mile when the air seemed to smell better. But I couldn't see a thing. I have often been down in a mine without light, but my eyes got used to it and I could see the mine walls, but I did not know I was blind."

"Say, won't you lift this bandage up so I can see?" the poor fellow asked, a question he put to everyone who approached him. Gonia went on with his story, after being told that by and by the doctor would lift the bandage.

"I couldn't have taken me an hour to crawl from the last room to the shaft. I remember lying there some time when I heard a noise above me. I heard someone call. I cried, 'Here, here! Help! Help!' I heard footsteps cracking near me. I heard two men talking. They grabbed me and bundled me into the bucket, and soon I was hoisted up. Say, my burns didn't bother me in the mine, but when I reached the top of the shaft and the cold air hit me I thought a million needles were being prodded into my face, hands, head and neck. Then I knew I had been roasted, all right."

Gonia had been in the mine from 8:15 a. m. until 5 o'clock that evening. He stated that he had been there only one hour, but that must have been the period of his unconsciousness. It is probable that he lay unconscious in the chamber where he fell until about 4 p. m.

With the air-shaft being open the fire-damp naturally sought an opening, and as he had not been killed by the explosion, his face must have been turned down with his nose buried in the soft coal, or else he would have been smothered in those dark places. The fact that Selwyn M. Taylor, the engineer, was suffocated only about 200 feet from the air-shaft proves how deadly the fire-damp was, and he was not injured by the explosion, and had been in the mine only two hours. But Taylor turned aside into an entry. Had he remained in the main gangway, where there was some circulation of air, he might have been living to-day. Had Gonia in his crawling the half mile turned aside but once and entered one of the entries he would have been a dead man.

Gonia was asked to describe the horror of the sensation. He said:

"No; there wasn't any horror. I just knew the only way to get out of that mine was by the main shaft. I don't know that I felt anything but sick. Of course, I knew that the mine was wrecked. I even knew, when I reached the shaft, that my father and brother were way back in the last room. I even thought of crawling back after them, but I was tired out, and so I lay down where I could get some air."

The hump which Gonia crawled over, and which nearly cost his life, was later discovered by the rescuers about a thousand feet from the shaft. It proved to be a coal seam where the explosion had spent its force and had turned and gone up the main shaft, shooting the cage and the mule to the top above the tippie, throwing them to one side a hundred feet or more. If Gonia could have told his story to the rescuers as he told it later the miners could have entered the main gangway fearlessly and might have saved some of the men in the furthest part of the mine entries from death.

It was taken for granted that Gonia was at the shaft at the time of the explosion. The bodies found near where Gonia was lying when he was rescued were torn into fragments. The exploring parties all stopped at the cave-in. If Gonia had been properly interrogated the mine would have been entered long before it was, as Gonia said he would have been willing, if able, to have crawled back again into the last chamber to look for his father and brother.

The trial of the Deweys, charged with the murder of three members of the Berry family, is called at Norton, Kas., on a charge of venue.

General Lake E. Wright is inaugurated as Governor of the Philippines and promises to continue the policy inaugurated by Governor Taft.

Senator Hanna suddenly becomes much worse, and physicians were summoned to Cleveland from New York. It is announced that he has typhoid fever.

Wm. H. Taft of Ohio took the oath of office of Secretary of War in the presence of several members of the Cabinet, the General Staff and personal friends.

The St. Louis Court of Appeals has handed down many decisions, including one on a quiet title action against Judge Heydon of Howell County.

The rich uncle of a condemned Montana murderer is going west to try to postpone or prevent the hanging, which is to take place at Missoula, March 15.

Henry Nicolaus filed a petition in the St. Louis Circuit Court asking that the \$135,000 suburban bond be used to pay certain promissory notes, long overdue.

It appears that the reverse which the Uruguayan troops met in an encounter with rebels was an utter defeat, in which the rebels captured General Muniz's ammunition.

Gov. Odell of New York refuses to honor the demand for the extradition of William Ziegler, indicted in Missouri, one of the grounds for the decision being that Ziegler is not a "fugitive from justice."

Emperor William talks into a phonograph to make records which will be placed in the phonetic archives at Harvard University and at Washington.

A Kentucky Enoch Arden, over-ruled by his wife, kills his former wife, and after his wife is buried by the Sheriff across the State line in order to escape mob violence.

The resident Commissioner practically granted the privileges of a territorial delegate, by suspension of the rules the House of Representatives consumed in the consideration of private claims bills.

An epidemic of lead poisoning near Budapest results from the use of brandy made in lead-lined stills.

The British Parliament opens with the usual ceremonies, Austen Chamberlain being the leader for the Government while his father, the former Colonial Secretary, sits among the private members.

Premier Combes of France announces that he will take drastic measures against certain prelates who have recently criticized in public the course of the Government in relation to the teaching orders.

Edward M. Avery, for the last twenty-three years principal of the Carroll School, St. Louis, has resigned.

The agreement reported between Klaw & Erlanger on one side and Stair & Harlan on the other practically divides the entire theatrical business of the country and leaves the independent stars out altogether.

A Madrid newspaper publishes documents tending to show that Mgr. nozalea, formerly Archbishop of Manila, secretly met an American chaplain prior to the surrender, in spite of a threat of death for dilatoriness.

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